

Blue Fire

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Summary: The Covenant have figured out a way to catch the Humans in a chokehold. And have also found something they want. Can a battle hardened group of Spec Ops help.

1. Chapter 1

**Blue Fire**

Date- November 17th

Location-Curtis LeMay Base, Rocky Mountains

First Lieutenant Steven Anderson sat behind his dark wooden mahogany desk. He stared at the letter sitting in front of him. He received his orders only minutes ago for him to take his Special Operation squad from the UNMC Fourth Infantry Division. His squad was commonly known for helping infiltrate a Covenant battle cruiser that was in orbit above Earth. Now that things had gone from bad to worse with the Master Chief gone, he had to take his squad and take back a small intelligence facility. At the time the secret Military base he was in, Curtis LeMay base, was located under the Rockies.

He got up and walked out of his office and turned to his left. He entered the elevator in front of him and pressed a square button marked with the number two. He waited a few minutes until the elevator came to a stop. He walked out and down the hall until he reached a set of barracks. He walked in and saw three men playing cards in the middle of the room. The one that was facing towards the doors looked up and saw Anderson standing there. "Ten hut!" announced the man. The other men stood up and saluted with the first one.

"At ease." Ordered Anderson, as he walked into the room farther. The three men sat back down and looked up at Anderson.

"So what's the news Lieutenant? Have the Covenant broken the line?" Asked the squad medic, Tom Walker.

"No, they haven't broken the line. But they have taken an Intel facility and it's our job to take it back. So get ready we leave tomorrow at oh five hundred." He turned around and walked out. He went back to his office and sat back down at his desk, flipping through random papers.

Fleet Commander Zagamaye Xofuree stood in the control center of his Covenant Destroyer the Death to Come. He stared at a light panel displaying the recordings of the siege of Earth in the first wave. They had come unprepared and ill supplied with little to no intelligence on the humans' defenses. As soon as they entered fire range, the ship next to his was gutted from fore to aft by a huge slug of some sorts. Zagamaye shut off the recording and looked around his control center. Three other Elites were in the same area as he was and were monitoring the ships main statuses.

Another Elite walked up behind him. He wore a white plated suit of armor and bore the symbol of one of the top most special units that were under his command. Around his ship, even more, his Fleet, they were known as the Undying Warriors. "Sir, over two days ago we took over a human intelligence facility." He began with the deep voice most Elites acquired. "We found records of Military bases all around Earth. Also it indulges us with knowledge of weapons testing, new ships, and even the Demon." He finished, emphasizing the last two words.

"The Demon you say? What does it tell us about the Demon?" Zagamaye asked, intrigued by what could come out of this.

"It says that he has just been fitted with a new armor type designated the Mjolnir Mark Six. As well, it tells us that he has left the planet." Zagamaye stared wide eyed at the Captain Onne Negutee.

"Captain, what human resistance is closest to your forces?" Asked Zagamaye hurriedly. Negutee walked over to a panel and bought up a map of the region his forces were closet too.

"Here." Negutee pointed to a desolate area right in the middle of France. "The base is called Stronghold Eisenhower. What is your orders sir?" Asked Negutee.

"We must catch the humans in a chokehold." Zagamaye announced clenching his fist. "Once we have cut of the humans in the surrounding areas, your team will infiltrate this base and you will capture anything of use." Negutee bowed his head and looked up with questioning eyes.

"But what makes you think that this base will be more important than the others sir?" He asked.

"Look at the position it is in. Eighty five feet under the surface. That's what makes me think they are hiding something there. Begin the attack Captain." Negutee bowed his head again and turned to walk out. Zagamaye turned back to the map and stared intently at it. "What are you hiding there Humans? What do you not want us to find that's so important?" Murmured

2. Chapter 2

Date- November 18th

Location- Curtis LeMay base, Rocky Mountains

Anderson clipped his shin guards around his leg and then placed his helmet over his head, snapping it shut. He put four fragmentation grenades in a pouch on his belt and then five flash bang grenades in another. He took three colored smoke grenades and placed them on the back of his belt to the right of his sheath. He took his six inch combat knife and put it in the sheath. He then placed his magnum in its holster and grabbed his BR32 and threw the long strap around his neck and let it hang on his chest. The rest of his squad was finishing with their equipment as well.

He walked out into the sun and into a small airfield and saw their flight. A Specter six man transport. The rest of his team walked out in their dark black armor with blue fire emblems marked on their shoulders. Anderson waved them over and as they came towards him he boarded the small dropship. Anderson keyed his mic and put it through his speakers. "Alright the drop point is about seventeen minutes out so on the way there, check your equipment and double check it!" Anderson ordered loudly over the roar of the engines.

Negutee disengaged his cloak system and stared down at the Human in front of him. The gash in his gut made his mandibles click. This planet was taking longer than most of the others to take over, but to him, it was simple. He turned around and walked out of the small guards post and looked around at the Elites in his group walking around while looking at the destruction they had caused. Negutee looked up and shielded his eyes from the sun. Two Phantoms blasted out of the clouds and came down to hover a few feet above the ground.

A full contingent of Brutes came out and began looking around the area. One broke off from the rest and began walking towards Negutee. Negutee watched as the beast he heartily despised lumbered towards him. The Brute stood only a few centimeters from Negutee himself. The Brute just looked over Negutee's head and around the area. Negutee just stood there and waited. The Brute, after taking its sweet time, looked down at him. "You may go now Captain. Your men are no longer needed here." He said, his breath reeking of a horrible odor.

Negutee brushed past the beast and his troops, noticing his movement towards the Phantoms, assembled behind him. He stood under the belly of the Phantom and was sucked in, and his men followed.

Anderson leaned back onto the Specter. The breeze felt remarkably cool. He leaned out a little and looked in the direction they were headed and checked the ETA that was counting down on his HUD. He keyed his mic and said, "Two minutes! We're two minutes out! Check all gear and make sure nothings loose!" He looked on his waist and tightened the straps on his rifle and his belt. He secured all his ammo clips in their pockets and made sure his grenades were still intact.

The timer was still clicking down. "Fifty seconds! Prepare for jump!" Thirty seconds. Twenty seconds. Ten seconds. Zero seconds. The four

black armored soldiers bumped themselves off the side of the Specter and began their freefall jump. Anderson was diving straight down with his arms at his side and his neck to his chest. The amount of feet he was from the ground was rapidly ticking downward in the upper left hand corner of his HUD. He was at eight hundred feet and counting. His eyes were closed and he began doing a midair summersault and the words ****Ignite ****were flashing on his HUD. His meter read two hundred feet and he was almost to the ground. His team had already ignited their boosters and were just about to hit ground. They were all staring at Anderson and looking to each other. They had seen Anderson pull these stunts before but they were always too close to death. He was far ahead of them and the meter was close to twenty feet.

"Is he going to make it?" Asked one of his squad members, Matthew Krauser. The others just shook their heads and looked on. As Andersons meter hit ten he back flipped in the air and was about to hit the ground. He ignited his booster and opened is eyes. The meter read three feet from the ground and he looked up to see the other three members of his squad shaking their heads on their way down. As they all touched down, they threw off their packs and placed small PGE's or Personal Gear Explosives that were required by all Special Forces to destroy anything they didn't want to leave as a trace of their existence in the area.

They all gathered in a circle and looked at Anderson. "Well boys you have to know how to make a good entrance. Now let's get moving. The facility is three days away and we have to haul ass. I don't have to remind any of you that were in enemy territory now do I?" They shook their heads and Anderson smirked. "Alright let's move. Krauser you've got point." He said, running through the tall corn field.

Xofuree looked out the large window in his very spacious quarters. They were on the far side of the planet and the Human forces were holding back from an attack. The Humans defenses were stronger than any of them had suspected. He turned away from the view of the planet and walked out of his room and into the very long and deserted halls of his ship. The last of the ground troops on board had been sent down early in the morning and the ship was around half empty. He took a right into another corridor and stepped aside for some Grunts to walk by.

He entered a gravity lift and was sucked upward. He arrived at his destination and walked forward again. He walked up to two large doors that hissed open at his presence. He walked in and took his position in the center of the command station. One of the other Elites turned his head towards the sound of his steps and grabbed a small holographic projector. He walked up behind and Xofuree turned around. "Sir, we just received a message from the Hierarch Truth. He says that there will be a large group of Brutes boarding the ship to take command."

Wide eyed, Xofuree began protesting. "I will ****NOT ****let those filth take command of ****MY ****ship!"

"And what _filth, _would that be Commander? Those worthless Elites down on the planet hmm?" Came the voice of a Brute, announcing his presence.

"How dare you come onto my bridge unannounced and with no clearance from me!" The Brute smirked and walked in farther.

"Now, now commander, I have full clearance from the Hierarchs to do as I please with your ship. You wouldn't want to upset your new commander, now would you?" One of the lower ranking Elites stepped forward.

"You are no commander of this ship." The Brutes smirk turned into an angry stare. It stepped over and back-handed the Elite. Xofuree rushed forward and drew out a small two inch hilt. He pressed down on a button and a four inch energy blade emerged.

"How dare you touch one of my crewmen! I should have your throat slit and your head on a spear!" The Brute reached out to grab Xofurees neck. Xofuree side stepped and rolled off the Brutes back. He turned around and wrapped his long arms around the Brutes neck, stabbing the blade into his back. He let go and let the body fall to the ground. The two guards behind him went into berserker mode and were immediately smited from behind. When the bodies fell, Negutee and one of his men stood in front of Xofuree, with their energy swords jabbed outwards.

"Seems as though we may have arrived just in time sir." Said Negutee.

Xofuree stood up and looked at him. "That you did brother. That you did. I want all these vermin eradicated from my ship! Tell the Hierarchs I do not approve of this and that their puppet is dead."

End
file.